

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME V.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1915

NUMBER 19

His Level Best.

BY MARSHALL PANCOAST.

HE did his "level best" from morn till eve,
Careful of others' rights, nor stooped
to aught
Would tarnish even so much as in the
thought
His manly years; with nothing to retrieve
He forward fared; scant time had he to grieve
For little scars that sturdy struggle brought.
His eye was on the beacon that it caught,
The blessed gleam he could nor lose nor leave,
God's beacon on the hills, forever bright,
To guide his "level best," the level way,
That makes hearts happy, heavy burdens
light,
And crowns with glorious eventide the day.
He did his "level best," and many a flower
Blossomed beside his path from hour to hour.

Uncle Si's Sermon on "Toting 'Taters."

BY HEWES LANCASTER.

"LITTLE chilun," Uncle Si said when he
had come out and sat down in the
shade, "Little chilun, you done ax yo'
old Uncle to preach you a sermon and he's
gwine preach hit, sho. And you know what
he's gwine preach erbout? Fo de Lord, he's
gwine preach to you erbout toting 'taters.
"Lo and behold de Lord looked down on de
land one day, and he seed a man going erlong
de road wid a sack er sorrow on his back.
De Lord from on High couldn't see what-all
hit was dat man have in his sack, but he seed
how ebbery-time dat man meet somebody—
Plunk! He drap his sack right ercroos de
road, and open de moun of hit, and fish out
a big handful of what he's got dere for dat
somebody he done meet. If dey don't want
hit? Don't matter, he's gwine make 'em take
hit. Yes, sir! Shan't pass dat road twell
dey done taken some of his sorrow. And
de Lord, looking down and seein' dat man's
going-ons, sharing here, sharing dere, say to
hisself:
"'Seems like dat's er powerful gen'rous
man.'
"And he called one of his holy angels and
says:
"'Behold dat gen'rous man—sharing his
sackful wid ebberybody he meet. Go take
his sack and fill hit wid the biggest and
sweetest 'taters dat grows. When a man
share like he do he ought to have de best dere
is on de yearth to share. Fill his sack plum
full.'
"De holy angel do like he was bidden do.
He taken dat man's sack and filled hit plum
full of de biggest and sweetest 'taters on de
yearth.—And what you reckon dat man do
den? You reckon he share dose 'taters
like he done share his sorrows? No, sir!
He tied dat sack up tight and sot hit on his
shoulder and went marching erlong de road
wid his head up. Somebody meet him and
ax him:

"'What-all you got in yo' sack, Brudder?'

"Dat man, he'd laugh and he'd say:

"'Ain't got more'n I can tote!'

"When de Lord see how dat man do, he
called his holy angel, and say:

"'Why dat man don't share wid ebbery-
body no more?'

"De holy angel bow down and he say:

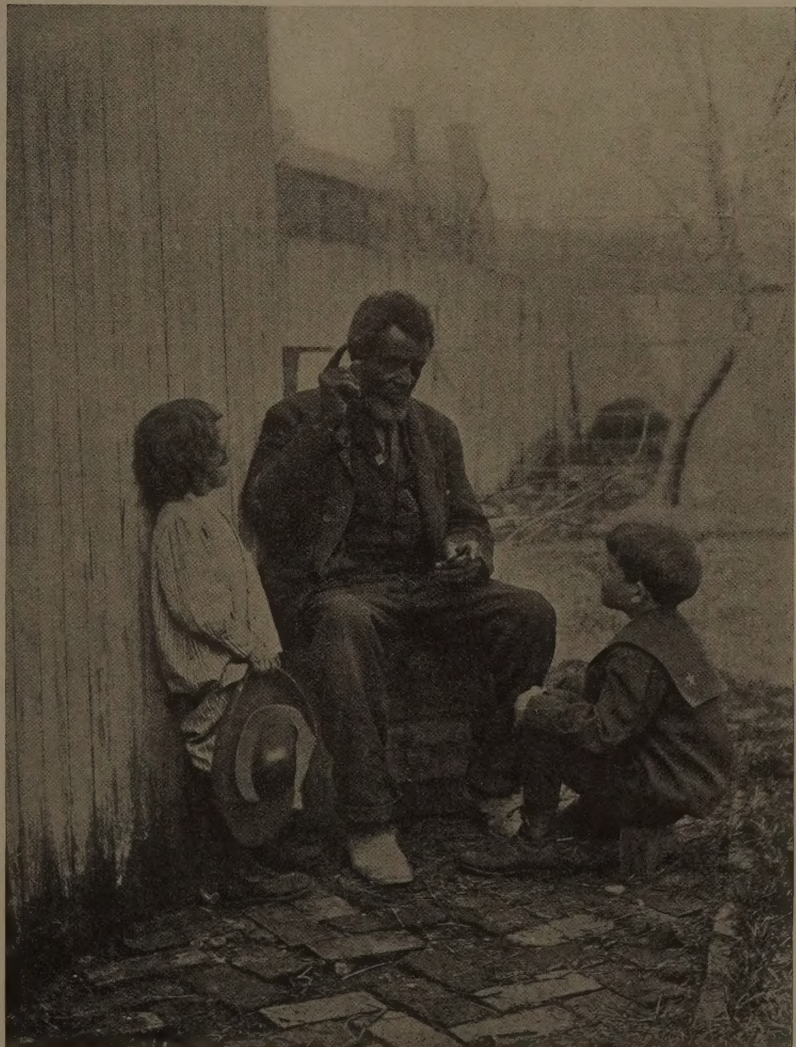
"'Lo, Lord, when dat man was so proud to
share, hit was sorrow he have in his sack.'
De Lord frown:.

"'How-come? He was allus wishing to
give his sorrow to ebberybody, and when he's
got 'taters in his sack he don't give nobody
none? Behold, he is a selfish man. Go take
his sack and fill hit wid stones!'

"De holy angel done like he was bidden do.
And dat selfish man done toted stones ebber
since—gwine tote 'em twell he die.

"And, little chilun, I say unto you: when
you got somepen sorrowful in yo' sack, som-
pen like bad tempers, and ugly looks, and
mean words—don't yo' share hit wid nobody
twell you done ax yo'self:

"'If dis here in my sack was 'taters would I
be so proud to share hit?' 'Cause, sho's you
born, if you-all goes erlong making ebberybody
you meet take a share of yo' meanness and
don't give 'em no share in yo' goodness de
Lord gwine send his holy angel down and
fill yo' heart wid stones.—Sho's you born,
he is."



"And, little chilun, I say unto you—"

The Gingerbread Island.

BY MABEL S. MERRILL.

Chapter Fifth.

NOBODY knows we're here except the Seeds," said Nat, slowly, "the house is usually shut up when Fred's away."

"Well, the water won't come up to the house," argued Hal, looking more hopeful than he felt just then. That angry-looking torrent of water racing across the low land back of the buildings, the wide lonely reaches of the frozen river blurred by the heavily falling rain—it had a threatening look, somehow.

"No, we're all right as far as that goes," rejoined Nat. "This lump of land the house stands on is 'way above high-water mark, and we have got firewood and enough to eat. It's the gingerbread island I'm worrying about."

"Do you mean there'll be a flood?" asked Betty. "How could there be with the river all frozen up tight?"

"Rivers don't always stay frozen up tight when it's raining like this. It's the last of February, too. Look here, they've got to come over here and stay with us!"

Everybody brightened up instantly at this, and the other three hemmed Nat in as he rang up the gingerbread island on the little toy telephone.

"Won't it be fun to have Aunt Nettie and Uncle Charlie here?" whispered Betty, as the old man's voice came back over the wire.

But all faces fell next minute as they caught a word or two of what he was saying.

"Don't you go worrying about us, you youngsters. Ice never broke up on this river in February within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. I'm going to stay right here to catch Bick Waters for you. He's liable to come to-day, and he wouldn't know what to make of it if he found the store shut up and no hot beans waiting for him. What's that?—yes, he will come, too. Bick ain't scared of a crack in the ice like you down-country folks; he lives up 'mong the big lakes. You be calm now, and run along and milk. By noon it may be cleared off so that you can come over."

The rest of the forenoon they took turns arguing with Uncle Charlie. For the rain did not stop, and they thought the prospect looked more dismal than ever. But the old man only laughed at them and declared he should stick to his "sheet of gingerbread," at least till Bick Waters arrived.

"Say, now, we'll bring him over to supper!" he said with a chuckle. "You look out for three of us 'long about dark, me and Nettie Seed and Bick Waters."

"If he could only see how it looks from here, I guess he'd change his mind and come now," said Hal. "You see this high end of the peninsula hides some of the main shore from the gingerbread island. If he should get his eye on that brand-new river out back of the barn, he might think it was time to be doing something. It looks bigger to me than it did this morning."

"The river's rising sure," pronounced Nat, soberly. "There's open water all along the shore down below here. And those black patches on the ice up-river are holes where the water is bubbling up. There, hear that?"

A report almost as loud as that of a cannon had fairly shaken the house.

"Just a crack opening in the ice," explained Nat. "It won't take it long to break up at that rate, I don't care what Uncle Charlie thinks. There goes another."

They rushed to the north window, half expecting to see the ice above moving, but the river lay quiet and lonely as ever under the blurring rain.

"If he's got any sense," said Nat, half angrily, "he and 'Nettie Seed' will come now and let Bick Waters take care of himself." And he went once more to the telephone.

"There's nothing doing here," announced Hal, who had already been trying his luck with the instrument. "Wire's down, of course. Did you notice how it sagged with the ice this morning?"

They worked awhile trying to repair damages, but it was no use. Fred's "private line" was a wreck and they were quite cut off from communication with the gingerbread island.

Nat, who was thoroughly aroused by this time, was just considering the idea of starting off on foot to reason with their friends at the little store when Betty, at the window, uttered a shriek.

"Oh, oh, here's a great black hole come in the river just this minute! Look, look! Oh, what shall we do?"

They all rushed to the window and stood completely dismayed at what they saw. A wide stretch of bubbling black water divided them from the gingerbread island, and though the great mass of ice above still held, it looked as if it might start at any minute. Worst of all, as far as they could make out, the ice had broken away all around the island, so that the two old people were cut off from help on all sides, in the midst of that wild river.

"Now they can't get here if they want to ever so much," cried Lora. "Oh, Nat, what will happen to them if the ice goes out?"

"I don't know—exactly. That island and the store must have been here a number of years, and nothing has happened yet. But I guess they never had such a spell of weather as this in February before."

"I suppose they haven't got a boat?" suggested Hal, eying the swirling water between the ragged edges of the ice.

"No, Uncle Charlie owns one, he told me, but it is stowed away winters in the barn at their farm. We haven't got a boat, either. All of Fred's are in the boat-house at the steamer wharf down-river. And I don't know how the neighbors could get a boat from the mainland over here even if they knew what a fix the gingerbread islanders were in. Most likely folks think they've shut up the store by this time and gone off to their place at Ball's Harbor."

They spent an anxious day, and even repeated visits to the fox in the barn and endless talks about the trip to Quebec failed to cheer them. Towards night, however, the rain stopped falling, and Nat declared it had turned colder.

"Maybe we're going to pull out of this scrape all right," he said. "A good freeze will stop the river rising, and the ice may tighten up again and hold out for weeks yet. It doesn't usually go out before the middle of March."

About bed-time they climbed to the cupola of the big barn and took a survey by the light of a moon that was trying to struggle out of the clouds. It certainly looked more hopeful now that the rain had

stopped. A bright light was burning in the store on the gingerbread island, and everything seemed so calm and peaceful that they went to bed with more tranquil minds than they had expected.

It was the gray dawn when something woke Nat from a sound sleep. In the dim light he could see Hal already dressed and standing at the window.

"Tumble up, old man," urged Hal, without turning around. "Did you know it's been raining again, and it's warm as the middle of April? It looks pretty queer to me out over the river here."

Nat fumbled his way into his clothes as he peered over Hal's shoulder. It was not yet light enough to see far, but wherever the eye could penetrate there were reaches of rippling black water. No light shone from the store, but they could make out the long low strip of land on which it stood.

"They're all right, I guess, but where's the ice?" asked Hal. "Could it have gone out in the night?"

"Of course not without our knowing it. You can hear it roar a mile off when it starts. It's only washed away little by little here opposite the house. Hello, Betty Bunch, what's the matter with you?"

Betty was at the door, looking in with round scared eyes.

"I heard something growling when I was asleep," she explained, "so I went to wake up Lora for company and she was all dressed and we came right up. There, don't you hear that?"

The sound was not unlike "something growling" in the distance. It was the groaning of the great mass of ice above.

They all stood at the window watching in silence as the shadows lifted and the wide lonesome river reaches came into sight.

Suddenly the groaning swelled to a roar, and with a terrible crashing and grinding, the ice started. Far up-river they could see great sheets of it torn loose and flung up endwise to be crushed and beaten down by the mass behind. It piled itself up like a wall as it came. The pieces were thick and heavy and did not break easily. Looming higher and higher, the wall bore down upon them, till the floor under their feet trembled with the shock of its coming.

"The gingerbread island won't stand much of that," muttered Nat, between his teeth. "But maybe it'll spread out and go easier when it strikes the open water out here."

As he spoke a great ragged block of ice came whirling out into the open place, then the barrier behind reared and came down with a crash just above the little low island. They saw the store go toppling into the river as easily as a child's building block. Next minute, before their horrified eyes, the island was wiped away from the surface of the water as a drawing on a slate disappears under a wet sponge.

Nat's face was white as ashes, and Betty and Lora clung together, unable to utter a sound. But Hal, leaning far out of the window, gave a great shout at something he had seen below.

(To be continued.)

One of the greatest powers of Lincoln was the simplicity, the purity, and the power of his English. His words set you on fire. You forgot the little and mean, and rose to the heights of his own greatness.

JOHN HAY.



A Boston Boy and his Cousin visit the Exposition Grounds.

BY EDWARD T. MARTIN.

"RODNEY, why not take your cousin and visit the Exposition Grounds?" asked Mrs. Robinson of her fourteen-year-old son one Saturday morning in San Francisco not so very long ago.

"He hasn't come all the way from Boston just to see a lot of partly finished buildings," the boy replied. "Have you, Ed?" turning to his cousin.

Edward Kitson, who was a year older than the Robinson boy, when appealed to, hesitated; then, after a short wait, answered:

"It will be interesting to see them now, and later on, when the Exposition is in full operation, to notice the difference. Besides, I read this morning in the papers that, except for some of the State buildings, construction is almost completed."

"Won't be anything doing out there if this war continues," Rodney argued; "and"—

"Wrong, son, wrong," Mrs. Robinson interrupted. "The gates of a completed exposition will be opened to the public on February 20th next. The only difference the war will make is in the attendance of a few thousand Europeans, which will be more than offset by the many Americans who, being prevented from making their usual trip abroad will join the 'See America first' brigade. This will include residents of South America also."

"All right, then. If you wish me to go, and Ed feels the same way, go she is," Rodney responded readily. "Only do not forget to open your pocket and supply the ways and means," extending his hand. Then, as his mother gave him a dollar, "That won't do at all, ma. Admission, camera permit, auto ride through the grounds, lunch, car-fare, all take money. Come on with at least two more."

From the high hill where they left the street car, a fairy picture unrolled at their feet. Mammoth buildings with domes, towers, and pinnacles; wide tree-shaded avenues, throngs of passing people, and busy workmen, with the deep blue waters of San Francisco Bay forming a perfect background for the view, to which setting the hills of Angel Island beyond and yet further the green heights of the Marin County mainland added their dark beauty. To the west were the rougher waters of the sun-lit Golden Gate, with a constant stream of shipping passing in and out, some bringing the silks and teas and spices of the far East and more merchandise from the whole world over, others carrying grain and fruit and fish for cities on the At-

lantic coast and perhaps even to war-racked Europe.

"I wish we knew some one who would tell us what all these buildings and things are," the younger boy said to his cousin.

"Here, too," Edward replied. "The show over yonder is as large as all out doors, and there is no fun looking at it unless one knows what's what and where's where, but, as we are here, we might as well go inside. Come on."

"Beg pardon," said a boy not much older than Edward, stepping up to them, "did I understand you to say anything about needing a guide?" Then, by way of explanation, "You see I am expecting to work for the Exposition people by and by, but in the meantime it's all-killing inconvenient being hungry without having a single sou in my pocket."

"Let's hire him!" exclaimed Rod.

"Wait a little," the more careful boy from Boston answered. "Find out how much he wants first."

"As far as that goes, suit yourselves," the stranger lad said, not waiting for them to ask. "So I get enough for a bite to eat, that will do."

"All right, come along," said Rodney. "What is your name?"

"Jim. James Davis, formerly of Boston," the boy replied. Then continued: "I know old Mother Murphy, who has a lunch counter down here a little way. She's good to all the boys. Often sells a roll, a cut of pie, and a cup of coffee for a nickel. Of course, though, the roll is of an ancient vintage and the pie a little stale, but they both are filling."

"About the Exposition, well way off to the left towards the Golden Gate are the State buildings. Idaho, all done; New York State,

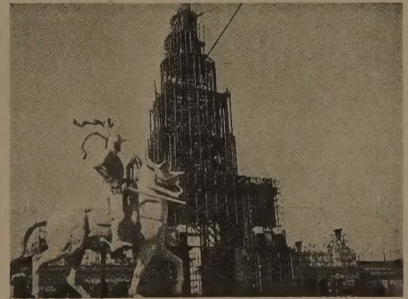


AVENUE OF PROGRESS AT THE PANAMA-PACIFIC EXPOSITION.

California, nearly finished; then New York City, Illinois, Oregon, and over thirty more in various stages of construction. They are on government land, the Presidio Military Reservation. Between them and the city front of the Exposition are the buildings of the different nations. Canada, with its four big plaster lions; Denmark not long begun; Italy; China; Japan; and all the rest. Then the various exhibition buildings,—palaces they call them, and palaces they are. That tall tower? It marks the main entrance to the exhibits. It is called the Tower of Jewels. That shining ball on top? The jewels are in place there. See how they sparkle and shine, just like the real things. The whole tower will be covered with them when done. They were made in Austria. I don't know their names, have never met them enough to even be introduced. Those red ones are—are"—

"Rubies," prompted Edward; "the green, emeralds; the white, diamonds."

"All right," Jim laughed. "If a 'dook of Rusher' ever tips me when I am taking him through Toyland, and gives me a handful of them,—genuine ones, of course,—I'll know better now than to throw them at the sea gulls."



STATUE OF PIZARRO AND TOWER OF JEWELS.

Just outside the turnstile was a pretentious lunch counter. "Let's eat here," said Rod. "That strawberry shortcake sure looks good to me."

"Strawberries in November. I wonder what some of your Eastern visitors will think of that," Edward remarked, following Rod to the counter. But Jim pulled his sleeve and whispered, "Not here; 'tisin't fair. We can get just as good at Mother Murphy's, and she helps me out when I'm broke, so, if I have money to spend, it should go to her. Now, don't you both think so?" he asked, as they hesitated.

"Guess so," Rod finally said unwillingly, and came away, looking back longingly at that shortcake.

"Now," asked Jim, after Rod had paid Mother Murphy ninety cents for a "regular whale of a dinner" for all three, "which is it, the Chinese concession or Toyland?"

"Chinese," said Edward.

"Toyland," decided Rod, to whom the Chinese and their ways were an old story.

"W-e-l-l," Jim proposed, "supposing we take in China and Japan first. Then return through the Court of Nations to the Zone, where all the amusements are located."

"Good enough," the others agreed. "Only," said Ed, "I have read so much about the Esplanade along the Bay shore that I should like to go that way."

"Yes," agreed Jim. "When it's done, the

Esplanade will be a great place to walk. It follows the Bay from one end of the grounds to the other, and in the warmest day will furnish a cool place from which to watch the aquatic displays, rowing, boating, water polo, yacht racing, swimming contests, high diving, and all such,—to say nothing of the naval parades."

"Say, what's that? Look quick!" Ed called, excitedly pointing to a shining black head that had just popped up out of the water. "What is it?"

"That," Jim laughed. "Why, that's only Old Bob, the sea lion, rummaging around for his dinner."

"Won't he get into trouble? Won't some fellow take a shot at him?" Ed asked.

"Cost the man a cold hundred dollars if he did. The law is very strict about those sea lions," Jim replied.

"Say, who is that old sport standing on a rock spearing fish? They should buy him some warm clothes," and Rod pointed a short distance on ahead.

"That," said their guide, "that is the statue of an old-timer,—a Mr. Neptune. They say he used to boss the ocean in the long ago. 'Tisn't a fish spear he's got. It's a trident."

"Oh, yes, I remember now," Rodney told the others. "In mythology he was god of the seas."

"Maybe," Ed grumbled; "but, even if he was, they should put a new pair of trousers on him."

"Perhaps they will, who knows?" Jim replied, laughing at the idea. Then told them: "This big building made of undressed trunks of pine trees is the Oregon Building. This little shack? Why, that's where the Chinamen live,—the fellows who are putting China's concession in shape. See it over yonder with a plaster wall around it? Let's go into the shack and see how they live. I know old Sing Chung, their cook."

The boys entered an opening in the high fence surrounding the shanty. Jim may have known old Chung, but it was certain Chung neither knew Jim nor cared to make his acquaintance, for he met the boy at the door, a long curved knife in one hand and a tin of steaming water in the other. The conversation he opened sounded like the continuous popping of a big bundle of fire-crackers. They couldn't understand a word, but his meaning was unmistakable, and, as they backed away, Ed remarked, "Gee, I'll bet what he's saying isn't fit for publication."

"What he would have done might have been worse," Rod replied.

"Pshaw!" Jim laughed. "He meant no harm; just came to the door to ask what we wanted."

Stopping often by the way, it was late, and the boys very tired when they reached the Japanese concession. There they found the daintiest spot in all the grounds. Gardens full of pinks, lilies, and rare plants, natives of Japan, growing in soil brought by the vessel load from their island home; buildings of bamboo divided into rooms by screens and hangings of rare materials and beautiful workmanship; tea-stands inlaid with silver and ivory, delicate cups, saucers, and plates of priceless china,—the whole more like a painted picture than a real fact.

"It's no use. I am tired; my feet are blistered; we have only seen the smallest fraction of the sights. Let's go home now, and come again next Saturday," Rod told his cousin. "And, Jim, you must meet us at the gate. I'm sure I don't know how we could have managed without you."

"I know what I'd have done, though," said Jim, as he walked away after having thanked them for the shining silver Rod slipped into his hand. "I'd have gone hungry all day unless Mother Murphy would have trusted me, and now I've money enough to eat on for nearly a whole week."

The house was convenient; although they were small,
There were parlor and dining-room, kitchen and hall;
There were hangings of velvet of delicate green
With filmy lace curtains draped softly between;
There were flowers and ribbons and shining gilt there,
And a mouse has no need of stove, table, or chair.
The self-declared tenant of this snug retreat
Brought such things as were needed to make it complete:
Some wool from the sheep-house, some straw from the sty,
Some leaves from the garden, all rustling and dry,
And (would you believe it?) the storeroom she filled
With the best of white corn, for this Mousey was skilled
In the art of providing the comforts of life,
And, no doubt, would have made a most excellent wife.

Her labors all finished, well pleased she looked round,
When a Monster appeared to start up from the ground.
The height of this terrible Thing was five feet;
Mousey's heart from alarm at the sight ceased to beat;
The face a great oval, the cheeks rosy red,
Brown hair in thick clusters hung down from the head,
Eyes large and dark blue, but they seemed fiercely bright
As above her they gleamed with an ominous light;
Two rows of great teeth, each as white as a pearl,
And this Monster Mankind called—a beautiful girl.
With gentleness false she closed quickly the lid
And, with her small victim thus cunningly hid,
Cried, "Mother, come look! Oh, the sly little fox!
Here's a mouse made a nest in your best bonnet box."
Then she bore off her prize, as she went calling oft,
"Here, Pussy! Puss! Puss!" in a voice clear and soft.

Surrounded by foes Mousey's plight was forlorn.
Must she die thus without even one friend to mourn?
Half frantic, she heard Pussy's answering "Mew."
One desperate leap as the lid open flew
Restored her to freedom. A friendly old chest
Gave her shelter. Was any mouse ever so blest!
Beneath it she fled and behind it she found
A hole leading down to the sweet, honest ground,
Leaving Monster and cat and new house in the rear;
She could think of them only with trembling and fear.
Once more little Mousey was houseless, but free,
Content with a home in a stump, log, or tree.

Mousey's Moving.

BY REBECCA RADCLIFF.

A FIELD-MOUSE in search of a soft and warm bed
Where, safe from the storm, she might rest her small head,
Looked with envious eyes at the half-open door
Of the house of the master of field and of moor,
Thinking: "Surely my cousin who lives in that home
Is a fortunate mouse; she is not forced to roam
As I must from tree to stump; from stump to tree,
To escape from the damp. Dr. Mole said to me
Only yesterday: 'If a dry house you could find
Your rheumatics would vanish,' and though he is blind
He's as wise as most doctors. I've more than a mind
To slip in through that door and see what is behind."

No sooner the thought than the act. She was past
The portal and inside a dwelling so vast
As would sadly have scared a less venture-some mouse;
But she simply set about finding a house
For herself in some part of this realm of the rich,

Peeped into each cupboard, examined each niche,
Poked her nose into corners and skipped under chairs,
Stole out through the hall and ran up and down stairs;
Not a spot could she find, though she ransacked the house,
That would perfectly suit so fastidious a mouse.
Fatigued with her rambles, her limbs all in pain
(Hoarse grumbled the thunder, loud pattered the rain):
"What selfishness in this great world do I see
Where they grudge a small spot to a poor mouse like me!"
At length as the lightning flashed bright through the room
She espied a round box hid before in the gloom.
The half-open lid seemed inviting her in;
Just a moment she paused; then: "What mouse cares a pin
For Mankind? This looks more like a house than a trap;
I will creep in at least for an afternoon nap."

The thunder ceased growling, the skies to pour rain,
The sun looked out smiling. No longer in pain,
Our Mousey awoke, looked about with delight,
To settle her new home she labored till night.

For the Quiet Hour.

Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it
with thy might. *Bible.*

I do not ask for any crown
But that which all may win,
Nor seek to conquer any world
Except the one within.

L. M. ALCOTT.

Prayer.

FATHER divine, again we bring to Thee
an offering of gratitude and of love. For
work and play, for home and friends, for
church and country, we give Thee hearty
thanks. Teach us to make some return to
Thee for all Thy gifts, by facing each new day
with a stronger purpose to love truth and
to do the right. So may we desire to be
called Thy children. We ask it in the spirit
of him who taught men to call Thee Father.
Amen.

[The prayer in this service was written by
Abbot Peterson. It is used in the service of
the Sunday school of the First Parish, Brook-
line, Mass.—EDITOR.]

Shovel and Broom Brigade.

THE busiest boys of all,
The merriest lads I know,
Boys everywhere, big and small,
Are shoveling off the snow.
As soon as the storm is done,
With weapons of peace arrayed,
A shout, and away they run—
The shovel and broom brigade.

Wherever you turn you'll meet
A dozen, and maybe more;
They scatter in every street
And rattle at every door.
They clatter and scrape and dig;
They're coming—don't be afraid—
The little, the strong, the big,
The shovel and broom brigade.

Youth's Companion.

When Animals Sleep.

ELEPHANTS sleep standing up. When
in a herd a certain number will always
stand watch while the others sleep, for the
big, powerful beasts are timid and cautious
at night and will not go to sleep unguarded.

Bats sleep head downward, hanging by
their hind claws.

Birds, with few exceptions, sleep with
their heads turned tailward over the back
and the beak thrust beneath the wing.

Storks, gulls, and other long-legged birds
sleep standing on one leg.

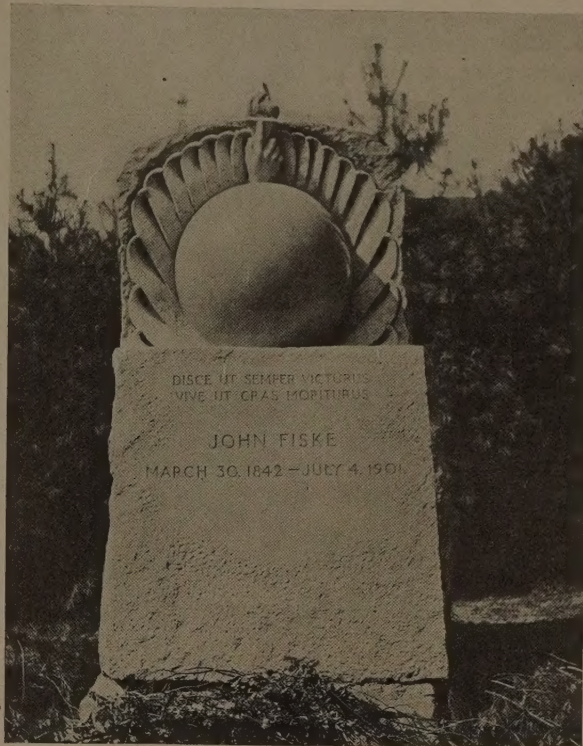
Ducks sleep on open water. To avoid
drifting ashore, they keep paddling with one
foot, thus making them move in a circle.

Foxes and wolves sleep curled up, their
noses and the soles of their feet close to-
gether and blanketed by their bushy tail.

Lions, tigers, and cat animals stretch
themselves out flat upon the side. Their
muscles twitch and throb, indicating that
they are light and restless sleepers.

Owls, in addition to their eyelids, have a
screen that they draw sideways across their
eyes to shut out the light, for they sleep in
the daytime.

Our Dumb Animals.



The John Fiske Memorial at Petersham.

BY ROBERT C. DOUTHIT.

IN September last a granite memorial to
Dr. John Fiske was placed in the beauti-
ful spot in Petersham, Mass., where
his body lies, and on Sunday, September 23,
was formally unveiled in the presence of a
large number of friends and townspeople.

A brief outline of some of the main teach-
ings of Dr. Fiske was given by the minister
of the parish with special reference to their
great religious value. He also referred to
Dr. Fiske's love for Petersham—a fervent
love which is shared by his children and his
children's children. The memorial was un-
veiled by Master John Fiske, son of the
late Clarence S. Fiske of Petersham and
Cambridge.

An excellent view of the Memorial with
its background of young pine trees is given
in this number of *The Beacon*, through the
courtesy of Mrs. Josephine M. Dickman of
Petersham.

It consists of a gigantic block of granite
nine or ten tons in weight. The rough
outside of the sides and back (which does
not show much in the picture) represents the
material universe which the indwelling Life
is gradually molding into the world as we
know it—suggested by the sphere rolling
out from the material mass. Man, the
highest expression of Life, is represented

by the hand holding the torch. The flame
of the torch is a symbol of the highest part
of man's nature, the spiritual—which is
the light and glory of the universe. The
entire monument is a symbolic representa-
tion of the doctrine of evolution of which
Dr. Fiske was the first and leading teacher
in America.

The Memorial was unveiled on the fifty-
third anniversary of the day when John
Fiske as a youth first arrived in Petersham to
see the maiden who afterwards became his
wife. Dr. Fiske loved the beautiful hill-
town dearly, and there, amidst her "rocks
and rills," her "woods and templed hills,"
he wrote some of his most charming essays.
When some one spoke to him of death, he
said, "That means going to Petersham to
stay."

For many years the Latin motto which
has been placed on the monument has held
a conspicuous place over the fireplace in
Dr. Fiske's study. It shows well the spirit
in which he worked.

Learn as if to live forever.
Live as if to die to-morrow.

Any readers of *The Beacon* who go to Peter-
sham must not fail to visit the old cemetery
near the village green which contains this
unique and interesting memorial.

*Ah, God! when Beauty passes from the door
Although she came not in, the house is bare.*

GEORGE MACDONALD.

No great deed is done
By falterers who ask for certainty;
No good is certain but the steadfast mind,
The undivided will to seek the good.

GEORGE ELIOT.

Service.

A poor man served by thee
Shall make thee rich;
A sick man helped by thee
Shall make thee strong,
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest.

E. B. BROWNING.

Jack Frost and the Fire.

BY ROY JAMES.

JACK FROST sat on the window pane
In a very decided way,
His look was cold, his meaning plain;
He seemed to have come to stay.

His coat was thick and very white;
His eyes would make you quake;
He laughed a long, low, growl-like laugh,
As with shivers we did shake.

"Get out, you rogue," the Fire said.
"You are no friend of mine.
This is no place for you to stay.
I'll make you run—in time."

The Fire puffed and roared again
And Jack began to shrink.
"It's plain I am not wanted here;
This giant rules, I think."

"I thought I'd make you change your tune."
The Fire jumped up with glee.
"I said you were no friend of mine;
You are too cold for me."

Jack Frost glared back in silent rage,
And down his icy face
The tears first trickled one by one,
Then followed in a race.

The Fire at this roared very loud,
And Jack was wild with fright.
He gave one gasp, one tearful sigh,
And vanished out of sight.

The Signorina's Typewriter.

BY LUCY FAIRBANKS ALVORD.

AND there stood the typewriter! Nina had tripped into the Signorina's chamber with clean towels against her return on the morrow. It was such a lovely room—gay American postcards and photographs stuck up all around and the young woman's own embroidered covers on table and bureau. The little girl loved to look at first one thing then another, but her eyes always rested longest on the writing-machine. There it stood, right in plain sight by the window. Nobody in Tivoli had ever seen anything of the kind, and vast was the curiosity concerning it. The head waiter wondered "why the bella Americana toted that little piano round in her trunk." So the lady allowed each servant in the hotel to write his name once. Even Nina, with her mother, the chambermaid, had her chance. The child understood its working better than the rest. Her little charge, the proprietor's baby, often slept hours in his carriage just outside the Signorina's open garden door, where she could watch the busy fingers dancing over the keyboard.

To-day as the twelve-year-old caught sight of the machine, a sudden scheme popped into her brain. She wished—oh, how she wished!—she could print off a letter to her brother Fernando, who had a good job in Rome. If he only knew how much mother needed a new dress for the festa next month. 'Twas a big festa, all Tivoli would be gay with bunting and Japanese lanterns, the band would play lively tunes, and in the evening gorgeous fireworks would go up from the Piazza in the middle of the village. She could spell fairly, she'd been to school when her father was alive; but last winter Fernando made fun of her handwriting, calling

it hen-tracks. She'd never tried it since. If she only dared— Over and over she heard her mother's repeated injunction "Never touch anything in the rooms, dear." But it couldn't be she'd mind when the lovely gown came—the other one was so ragged. No, no—she mustn't, she mustn't, the type-writer didn't belong to her. Still the Signorina was so nice and pleasant she wouldn't mind a mite, and of course Fernando would send the money.

Stealthily she made sure the next room was empty—the click always rang out loud, stealthily she glanced up and down the hall, stealthily she turned the key in the lock. Now for it. Her hands trembled while she lifted off the cover, slipped in the paper as she had seen done a million times, pressed the keys—oh, joy, she could make it go! Didn't the letter look fine? Click, click, click, click—she did wish it didn't make quite so much noise. Click, click, click—the proprietor might be strolling about the garden and hear it. Click, click—then suddenly an ominous silence. In vain she rattled the spacer, then pressed the keys; in vain she slipped along the carriage, then pressed the keys—it had stopped short, was it never to go again? Could it be broken? Nina couldn't believe she had really hurt her dear friend's machine. Surely it would be all right as soon as the Signorina came back. Tearfully she pulled out the sheet with only "Tivoli, li 25 Aprile" on it and, replacing the cover, crept out softly.

Somehow she didn't anticipate her beloved lady's return half so happily as usual. Yet she picked all the rosebuds in the garden, tiny and still quite green though they were, and made a bouquet for her center-table. Why did she feel so queer at being called and thanked for them? Guiltily she hung about and listened for the click of the typewriter, the click that never came. The next morning she heard the Signorina consulting the porter about packing the machine, as she must send it to Rome to be mended. "Too bad, isn't it?" she added, "just as the publishers are so impatient for my new story."

"Don't you feel well, child?" queried her mother; "you don't act like yourself." "The girl must be ill," declared the proprietor's wife. "I'll take care of baby myself to-day

and give her a vacation." Nina just crept off to her attic chamber and cried and cried and cried. How could she tell the kind American who'd done so much for her that she'd ruined her machine? What was the use anyhow? 'Twould only make her feel bad to think a girl could be so wicked. And yet—somehow—the first thing she knew she was downstairs sobbing the whole story out in her good friend's arms. "Why, didn't you know, dearie? the porter told me of a clever machinist across the street; he found it was only a spring loose and fixed it right away. It's been ticking away ever since luncheon; if you'd been out in the garden as usual you'd have heard it."

Sure enough, there stood the typewriter right by the window. The Signorina helped her write a fine letter. Fernando did send the money. Her mother was resplendent at the festa; and Nina? Well, Nina never meddled again with things that didn't belong to her.

Sunday School News.

THE Annual Christmas Party of All Souls' Church, Winnipeg, Canada, was held in the school room of the church on Dec. 23, 1914. Tea was served at six o'clock, and after this had been thoroughly enjoyed, a play was presented by the children of the school, entitled "Dumpling, or The Magic Goose." Fourteen characters were represented. The costumes were very effective, and the play was acted with spirit and received much applause. Afterwards carols were sung, and the minister, Mr. Westwood, spoke a few words to the scholars. Two recitations and a song were given. Marion Hamilton recited "My Dolly"; Frances and Van Ness Delamater recited "Temper to Mend"; James Pickering sang "Tipperary."

During the last carol Santa Claus suddenly appeared, with jingle of sleigh bells, and proceeded to shake hands with all the little folks and to distribute Christmas stockings and presents from a gaily lit Christmas tree, finally leaving amidst loud cheering.

About forty children and fifty parents and friends were present, and all agreed that it had been a most successful evening.



THE CABIN IN WHICH LINCOLN WAS BORN.

PAGE FOR LITTLE READERS

Counting Change.

When mother goes to town to shop,
She knows just what to buy,
From button boots to Sunday suits,
From chinaware to pie.
Her shopping list is very long,
And what to me is strange,
She never gets her figures wrong
When counting out her change.

But when I go to town to shop,
With pennies in my purse,
I get so mixed, I have to stop
And ask for help from nurse.
It shames me so to have the clerk
See I can't add up quick.
Just watch me work and work and
work
At my arithmetic!

ROSE MILLS POWERS,
in The Mayflower.



By Kate Hecht.

A STOLEN MEAL.

Benny's Grocery Store.

BY FRANCES HARMER.

"LET'S play at grocery store," proposed Benny, on Saturday morning. "To-day, we don't have any silly lessons."

Uncle Ben (sometimes the two were called "Big Ben" and "Little Ben") sat beside the children,—his small namesake, Joey, Caroline, Milly, and Jack—only Jack came from over the way.

"Lessons silly," he remarked quietly. "I've heard of silly students, but never of silly lessons."

"Don't see the use of them," grumbled Benny. "You read the same thing over and over, and you add up figures, and you write—and there's no sense to it all."

Uncle Ben said nothing. Benny arranged his store.

"We'll have sand for sugar," he explained, "and stones for potatoes, and these big stones for loaves of bread."

"Where's our money?" asked Milly, suddenly.

Benny picked up some tiny stones. "These are quarters." He gave them out. "These weeny ones are cents. The red ones can be dimes, and the gray ones, nickels."

"Better label your goods," suggested Uncle Ben. "I like to see some advertising, too."

"Fine!" cried Benny.

Before long they were all so busy writing labels and signs that the morning went by, oh, so quickly! When the articles had nice tickets on them,

Benny went behind the board that was his counter.

"Oh, look there!" His tone was annoyed. "Caroline has spelt her words all wrong."

Everybody looked at Caroline's placard. It read:

"Tommatos for sail."

"That's not all." Uncle Ben pointed to another card. "Look at that!"

Jack had printed,—and some of the letters were wrong, too,

"SUGGAR AND TEA—chepe!"

Benny frowned.

"Oh, well," said Uncle Ben, "what does it matter?"

"I want a first-rate store, with things right," grumbled Ben. Then he saw that Jack looked downcast, and remembered that he was company.

"Never mind, Jack," he said; "you can be message boy—and they don't have to spell."

Jack brightened.

"I was a message boy once," said Uncle Ben, "and I had to spell out the names of the places I delivered goods to."

But no one heard that, for Caroline, who liked her own way, was disputing with the store-keeper.

"You haven't given me my right change," she was saying. "My bill comes to fifty-seven cents, and I ought to have twenty-eight cents out. You have only given me eighteen."

"Eighteen is all that's coming to you," declared store-keeper Ben.

"I know it's more than that," said Caroline. "I'm sure it is."

"Do it on a slate," suggested Uncle Ben. "Prove that she's wrong."

Ben pulled out the slate and set the figures down. Then he stared at them, dismayed. They put him in the wrong.

"There—look!" cried Caroline, in triumph. "What did I say!"

For Benny's figures were like this:

\$.75

.57

.28

"But I did it in pebbles," said Benny, staring at the slate all the time. "It's only eighteen."

"You've forgotten to pay back the ten you borrowed," said Uncle Ben.

"Oh," Caroline agreed, "so he has."

And she went away with her eighteen.

"You see, my boy," explained Uncle Ben, "you've needed your speller and your arithmetic, not for yourself only, but to make others understand you. Now, are lessons so silly?"

"No, sir," said Benny, as he closed the store for the dinner hour. "You've got to know them to have a good game."

Hard Luck.

BY ALICE CROWELL HOFFMAN.

I'd like to grow real big and tall
So I could play a game of ball.
I wish there was some other way
Than eating bread crusts every day.

THE BEACON

Issued weekly from the first Sunday of October to the first Sunday of June, inclusive



PUBLISHED BY
The BEACON PRESS, Inc.
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

May also be secured from
104 E. 20th St., New York
105 S. Dearborn St., Chicago
376 Sutter St., San Francisco

Subscription Price: Single subscriptions, 50 cents. In packages to schools, 40 cents

Entered at the Boston Post-office as second-class mail matter

GEO. H. ELLIS CO., PRINTERS, BOSTON

From the Editor to You.

A Nation's Hero. We shall celebrate again during this week the birthday of Lincoln. This year we have departed from our usual custom, in not giving a large amount of space in this first February issue of *The Beacon* to our martyred President. There is little need that we should print for our readers the now familiar facts of his life. Schools in every part of the country observe his birthday with appropriate exercises, through which children grow familiar with the Lincoln story. Sunday schools, too, often devote the service on this Sunday to his memory, winning young hearts to a greater loyalty to the country he served. Nor is there need that we offer every year a portrait of Lincoln, or a picture of one of the many monuments to his memory. We have given you the best of them, year by year. Instead, we are reminding you, by a story and picture on our first page, of the people who were his especial care, to whom he helped bring the gift of freedom. We remind you, too, with the picture of the log cabin in which he was born, how humble were the beginnings of his own life, and how near he always lived to the beating heart of humanity. We may well be thankful once more, as this anniversary comes round, that true greatness is a quality of life, and may spring from the humblest place, the log cabin, or the manger.

Fun.

Five-year-old Herbert, scion of a bookish family, had learned to read so early and rapidly that his first glimpses of story-land were growing hazy in his memory. One day he confided to his mother: "Ruthie showed me her new book to-day, and it's the queerest thing you ever saw. Why, it just says, 'Is it a dog?' It is a dog. Can the dog run?" and a lot of things like that. 'Course I was too polite to say so, but it didn't seem to me the style was a bit juicy!"

"Why did you take Elnora away from school, Aunt Mahaly?" a lady asked her cook one day. Aunt Mahaly sniffed scornfully. "'Cause de teacher ain't satisfactory tuh me, Mis' Mally. What you reckon she tell dat chile yistiddy? She 'low dat IV spell four, when even a idjut 'ud know dat it spells ivy."

Mother: "Mercy child, how do you get your hands so dirty? You never see mine as dirty as that!" Child: "No; but I guess grandma did!" *Philadelphia Inquirer.*

THE BEACON CLUB

Letters must be written on *only one side* of the paper. Address, THE BEACON CLUB, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

MARLBORO, MASS.,
133 West Main Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I would like to belong to the Beacon Club, and should like to wear the badge. I am a member of the Marlboro Unitarian Sunday school. I enjoy *The Beacon* very much, and I am glad when it is passed out. I am twelve years old, and like my Sunday school teacher. I go to the Bigelow Grammar School. In my out-of-school hours I tend to my hens. Last year I raised some Brahma hens. This year I have 35 Rhode Island Reds.

Sincerely yours,

CHARLES STEVENS.

EASTPORT, ME.,
62 High Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school. This fall I went into the new school-house. My teacher gave an entertainment, and the children took part in it. The Packard boys went upon the stage about fifteen times and sang. They sang beautifully. With the money they bought a school victrola. Instead of the piano now we have the victrola to march out by.

I would like to be a member of the Beacon Club. I am eight years old. We have a new minister. I like him very much. My teacher's name is Miss Whalen. I like her, too, and also my day-school teacher.

I go to the new school-house. My school teacher's name is Miss Whelpley.

From your friend,

AUGUSTA RAYE.

PITTSBURG, PA.

My dear Miss Buck,—I like *The Beacon* stories very much. I have gone to this Sunday-school ever since I was a baby. And I would like it if I could belong to the Beacon Club.

Sincerely yours,

GEORGIA PEARSON.
(Age 8.)

DORCHESTER, MASS.,
6 Elton Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Channing Unitarian Sunday school. I have gone to the Sunday school for three years, not being absent one Sunday. I got

a pin. It is shaped like a star and is silver. There are six children in our class. We are studying about "The Holy Land." It is very interesting. My Sunday school teacher's name is Miss Lelia Bales.

Yours sincerely,

MAY HORNE.
(Age 12.)

SYRACUSE, N.Y.,
5 Brattle Road.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go regularly as possible to The May Memorial Sunday school. I have received a Bible for attendance with two times excused and that was because I had chicken-pox. But I only received it from our teacher Mrs. Halstead. I am working for a Bible again this year, I have not been away from Sunday school yet this year.

Yours very truly,

JOHN K. JENNEY.
(Age 10.)

ARLINGTON, MASS.,
22 Avon Place.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school, so do my brothers and sister. Miss Darling is my teacher's name. I read the stories in *The Beacon*. I make out the enigmas.

Your little friend,

LESLIE WHYTAL.
(Age 9 years.)

BRIGHTON, MASS.,
149 Chiswick Road.

The Beacon Club:

I go to the Unitarian Sunday school of Brighton, and it is a fine one. I take *The Beacon*, and I like it very much. I would like to belong to the Club, and have a badge.

Sincerely yours,

DOROTHY WILSON.

MADISON, WIS.,
121 Summit Avenue.

Dear Miss Buck,—I have gone to this Sunday school since I was a baby. I have been interested in *The Beacon* since I learned to read.

SHERMAN MORRIS.
(8 years old.)

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XXXV.

I am made up of 27 letters.
My 21, 22, 3, 4, 10, 12, is to be found in the mines of Montana.
My 12, 14, 18, 7, 12, 13, is a boy's name.
My 27, 26, 15, 15, 17, is a large city of Montana.
My 6, 2, 23, 24, 5, is a girl's name.
My 8, 1, 19, 17, 25, is a bicycle.
My 9, 11, 25, 17, is a famous college.
My 3, 20, 15, 16, is a narrow road.
My whole is a greeting to the Beacon Club.

MARY ISABEL WOCKER.

ENIGMA XXXVI.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 3, 4, 8, 12, 5, 6, is a fruit.
My 14, 15, 16, is a unit of weight.
My 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 16, 5, is something done on Monday.
My 13, 15, 16, 13, is a signal bell.
My 14, 10, 4, 15, 12, 1, means multitude.
My 13, 2, 15, 4, 1, 11, 8, is a Southern State.
My whole is a great American.

GILBERT NOBLE.

BOOK TITLES IN ANAGRAM.

1. A well-known novel:
Like the fair-faced vow.
2. A well-known novel:
Oh, taste my apples, if I do.

The Church Standard.

LETTER PUZZLE.

By adding the same letter in each case, change:

1. Latest into smallest.
2. An automobile into a trouble.
3. A weight into a sound.
4. A brother or sister, of same age, into string.
5. Absence of food into abundance of food.
6. To converse into to defraud.
7. Anger into a garland.

ADDITIONS.

Add brilliant thought and a pronoun, and get blight; a part of the head and a resting place, and get a definite purpose; a mechanical contrivance and a relationship, and get a vegetable.

Youth's Companion.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 17.

ENIGMA XXXI.—A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another.
ENIGMA XXXII.—Ask and ye shall receive.
TRANSPOSITION.—1. Tales. 2. Steal. 3. Stale.
4. Least. 5. Slate.
CHARACTERISTIC INITIALS.—1. William Cullen Bryant. 2. William Tecumseh Sherman. 3. Oliver Wendell Holmes. 4. Luther Burbank. 5. Dwight Lyman Moody. 6. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. 7. George Washington Goethals. 8. Edgar Allan Poe. 9. Julia Ward Howe. 10. William Hickling Prescott. 11. William Henry Seward. 12. Thomas Brackett Reed. 13. Thomas Alva Edison.